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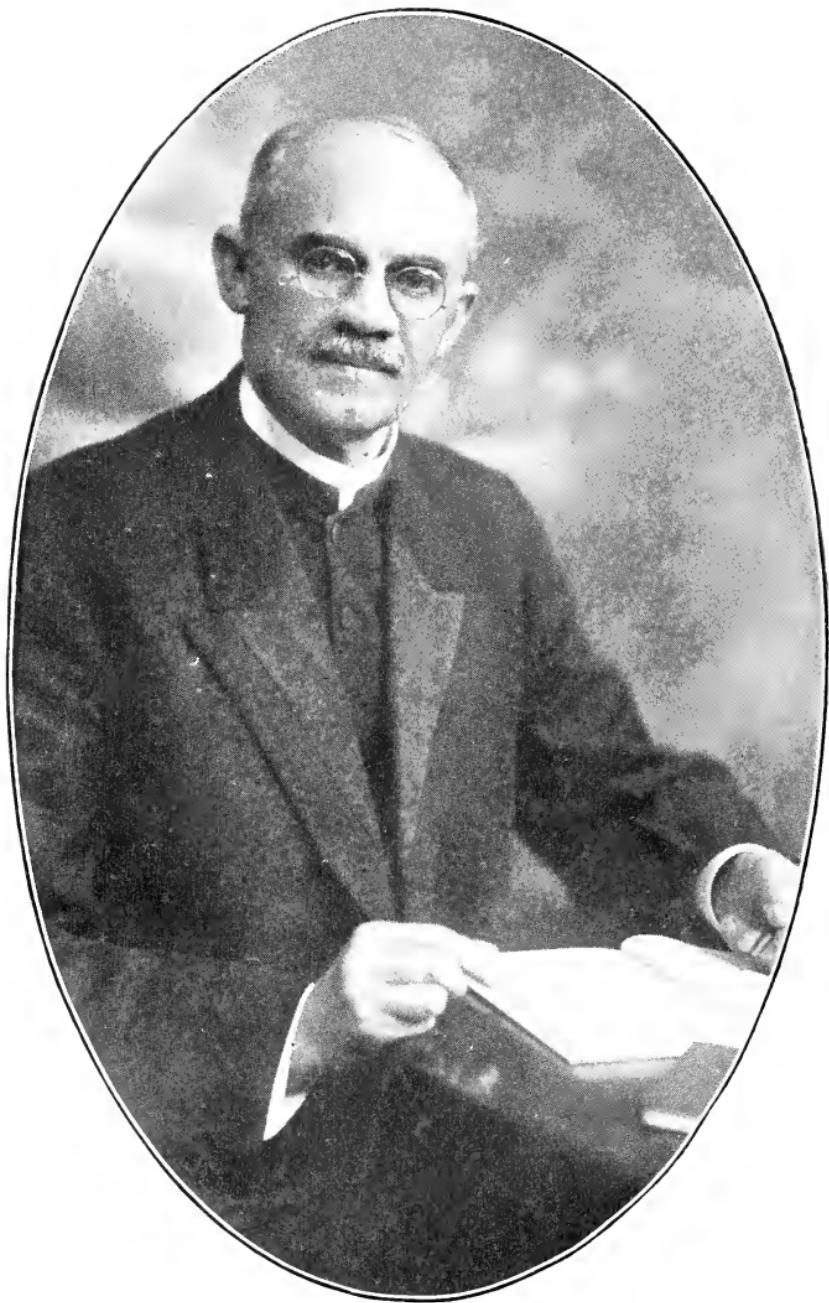
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WILLIAM JUDSON HAMPTON

OUR PRESIDENTS and THEIR MOTHERS

BY

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INTRODUCTION BY THE
HONORABLE WALTER E. EDGE
Governor of the State of New Jersey

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*To my dear Mother,
Susanna Baldwin Hampton.*

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INTRODUCTION.

*By his Excellency,
Governor WALTER E. EDGE.*

This interesting volume will find its way straight to the hearts of those fortunate enough to have experienced the deathless devotion and unerring guidance of a mother's love. It will rekindle tender sentiments that perhaps have merely smouldered under the heavy weight of life's dull cares and everyday, matter-of-fact affairs. It should serve as an inspiration toward a reconciliation with the wholesome rules of living first uttered at the cradle and later understood in the play-room. Finally, it must throw a penetrating light on the reasons for the greatness of the Great, uncovering those wholesome influences that make possible the carving of truly eminent characters, through shaping early impressions.

* * *

Not from motives of gratitude alone, but as a matter of historical accuracy, most of our American statesmen freely admit that many of their personal characteristics which the world terms worth while constituted the love-given legacy of an idolizing mother. What compassion and gentleness she

taught! What patience and fortitude and other foundation stones of a creditable career! How she early marshalled the forces of common sense and righteousness against all manner of moral weaknesses! How she endured and forgave! How she loved!

* * *

It seems to me that a work treating thus intimately with the mother influence upon great Americans is particularly appropriate at this time—now when hundreds of thousands of mothers throughout the land are making such heroic sacrifices and exhibiting such marked patriotism. “The hand that rocks the cradle” has ruled our Nation before, and rules it to-day. Then, as now, it was not autocratic rule. Then, as now, it was the inspiration of true Democracy and the course chiefly responsible for everything that we are and everything that we hope to be. Mothers—thank God for them, and may their sweetness and tenderness forever sway temporal power.

WALTER E. EDGE

GEMS—WORDS THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER.

“Her children rise up and call her blessed.”—

The Bible.

* * *

“‘The hand that rocks the cradle’ has ruled our nation before, and rules it to-day. Then, as now, it was not autocratic rule. Then, as now, it was the inspiration of true Democracy, and the course chiefly responsible for everything that we are, and everything that we hope to be. Mothers—thank God for them, and may their sweetness and tenderness forever sway temporal power.”—*Governor WALTER E. EDGE.*

* * *

“There is not a virtue that can abide in the female heart, but it was the ornament of hers. (His mother) The God of my father and mother shall be my God.”—*President JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.*

* * *

“Under Providence, I attribute any little distinction which I may have acquired in the world to the blessing which He conferred upon me in granting me such a mother.”—*President JAMES BUCHANAN.*

* * *

“All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory.”—*President ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

"How much American soldiers are indebted to good American mothers! When they go to the front, what prayers go with them; what tender testimonials of affection are in their knapsacks!"—*President ULYSSES S. GRANT.*

* * *

"My mother is a great woman. All I am I owe to her."—*President WILLIAM MCKINLEY.*

* * *

"My Mother was a sweet, gracious, beautiful Southern woman, a delightful companion, and beloved by everybody."—*President THEODORE ROOSEVELT.*

* * *

"It is very hard for me to speak of what my mother was without colouring the whole estimate with the deep love that fills my heart whenever I think of her. She was one of the most remarkable persons I ever knew."—*President WOODROW WILSON.*

MOTHERS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Practically nothing seems to be known, about the mothers of some of our earliest Presidents. We append below the name of the mother of each President in order.

PRESIDENTS	MOTHERS
George Washington	Mary Ball
John Adams	Susanna Boylston
Thomas Jefferson	Jane Randolph
James Madison	Nellie Conway
James Monroe	Elizabeth Jones
John Quincy Adams	Abigail Smith
Andrew Jackson	Elizabeth Hutchinson
Martin Van Buren	Mary Hoes
Wm. Henry Harrison	Elizabeth Bassett
John Tyler	Mary Armistead
James K. Polk	Jane Knox
Zachery Taylor	Sarah Strother
Millard Fillmore	Phebe Millard
Franklin Pierce	Anna Kendrick
James Buchanan	Elizabeth Speer
Abraham Lincoln	Nancy Hanks
Andrew Johnson	Mary McDonough
Ulysses S. Grant	Hannah Simpson
Rutherford B. Hayes	Sophia Birchard
James A. Garfield	Eliza Ballou
Chester A. Arthur	Malvina Stone
Grover Cleveland	Anne Neale
Benjamin Harrison	Elizabeth Findley Irwin
William McKinley	Nancy Allison
Theodore Roosevelt	Martha Bullock
William Howard Taft	Louise M. Torrey
Woodrow Wilson	Janet Woodrow



Our Presidents and Their Mothers



AMOTHER who had raised seven noble sons, and not a black sheep among the number, was asked how she did it. She replied, "I raised them on prayer and hickory." Some might think that rather an incongruous mixture but possibly most folks on reflection would conclude that it was absolutely Scriptural. Solid piety and wholesome authority cannot be divorced. This does not mean that parental authority shall always manifest itself in the use of the rod. Charles M. Stuart, President of Garrett Biblical Institute, says he was raised on a farm, and his father frequently "raised" him with a hame strap. On the other hand President Ulysses S. Grant declares that he has no recollection of ever being punished at home, either by scolding or whipping, by either father or mother. Yet that home presided over by Hannah Simpson Grant, his mother, was not devoid of parental authority, only these parents had discovered an excellent substitute for "hickory." It is worthy of note, that the mothers of our Presidents have all been godly women. Whether the rod was used much or little, in training their sons, there was no substitute for prayer.

Some good angel must have been parent to the thought, of suggesting to the church the observance of Mothers' Day. The day may later become known as Parents' Day, but mothers will always have their innings. How the observance of such a day has helped to enshrine the memory of mother in many a heart! How it has helped iron out many a wrinkle

on mother's brow, by prompting to thoughtfulness, and stimulating the affections, of the children. Such added joy that has been produced, has been worth more to mothers than 10,000 belated flowers placed upon a costly casket containing her silent form.

No boy makes a mistake in being good to his mother. God's blessing is assured to such, and even the cold selfish world that has not much to waste on sentimentalism, will say of such a boy, "Blessed." When the Democrats of Minnesota nominated John A. Johnson for Governor, a few years ago, there seemed little likelihood of his being elected, for the State was proverbially Republican. But his opponent made the mistake of taunting him in public of being the son of a drunkard. Then Johnson's friends had to tell the story of his life. At 13, he made his mother stop taking in washing that he might support her. He had a struggle on his young shoulders, but he succeeded. When the people heard these things, Republicans and Democrats alike exclaimed, "He is the man we want for Governor." He was easily elected, and died when but 48, saying to his devoted wife, "I have tried to fight a good fight." Had this man lived, he might have graced the Presidential chair, for he was strong in every way, and he bade fair to become a nation's idol.

The history of our country could not be written without bringing in the names of many brave, heroic, and patriotic women, and this is no doubt true of other countries, as well as this. Written on the passenger list of the Mayflower, alongside the names of the Pilgrim Fathers, were the names of a number of women. Was that perilous trip easier for those

women than for the men? The very names of those 19 wives and 7 daughters, on the passenger list of the Mayflower, seem to stand out in sublime grandeur. Not a man died for affixing his name to the Declaration of Independence, altho' every man took his life in his own hands, when he did that, and every man realized the significance of his act, should the patriot cause end in failure. But many a woman did die, because she heroically put her name to the passenger list of the Mayflower. Both meant battles with the direst kind of hardship. A beautiful tradition has come down to us from the day of the Mayflower. "The first foot that pressed the snow-clad surface of Plymouth Rock, Dec. 21, 1620, was that of the fair maiden Mary Chilton; and the last survivor of the Mayflower Pilgrim Company was Mary Allerton, who lived to see the planting of 12 out of the 13 colonies, which formed the nucleus of the United States."

Those who have studied the lives of our Presidents have made the claim that these men owed more to their mothers than to their fathers. Only eleven or twelve were reared under comfortable circumstances, the parents of all the others had more or less of a struggle. It has been said, that great men have had great mothers. Sir Henry Taylor once wrote, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." He would have said a truer and a wiser thing, had he said, The world knows nothing of its greatest women. The greatness of the mothers of our Presidents, and the part they played in preparing sons for the Presidential chair has scarcely been hinted at by biographer or historian. Mrs. Pryor well says, in "The

Mother of Washington," "The mothers of famous men survive only in their sons. This is a rule almost as invariable as a law of nature. Whatever the aspirations and energies of the mothers, memorable achievement is not for her. No memoir has been written in this country of the women who bore, fostered, trained, our great men. What do we know of the mothers of Daniel Webster, or John Adams, or Patrick Henry, or Andrew Jackson, or the mothers of our Revolutionary heroes?" In many instances, if biographers or historians mention the name of the mothers of our Presidents, that is about all that is given, sometimes her family connections are added. Seven of the mothers of our Presidents were left widows. These mothers, left widows, to whom was trusted the supreme task of rearing sons who were destined to become the Presidents of the United States, were Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Jefferson, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Garfield, and Mrs. Cleveland.

In some instances the mothers had to struggle with abject poverty. Andrew Johnson's father died when he was four years old. His parents belonged to that class of people in the South, styled even by the negroes, "The Poor Whites." Nobody among the "poor whites," in those days, considered an education necessary. Andrew Johnson, the "Tailor" President, never went to school a day in his life. Nobody knows how Johnson's mother managed to eke out a livelihood from the time that Johnson was four years old, until he was ten, but the mother must have found some way. These widowed mothers were all good women, and of fine character.

Every mother, about whom we are to read in these pages, was a woman of fine Christian character. This was her outstanding virtue.

MARY BALL—WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

First President of the United States, 1789-'97.

A pen picture of Mary Ball, the mother of Washington, has been discovered in a letter which a Union soldier found in a bundle of old letters in an abandoned house in Yorktown, at the close of the Civil War. Mary Ball was at that time 16 years old. The letter is dated at Williamsburg, 1722, and is published by Mrs. Pryor in her book, "The Mother of Washington."

"Dear Sukey—Madame Ball, of Lancaster, and her sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mama thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden she has known. She is about 16 years old, is taller than Me, is very Sensible, Modest, and Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax, her eyes are the color of Yours, and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish you could see her."

Here we have flaxen hair, May blossoms, and a delightful suggestion of Virginia peach blossoms, and hedge roses! Sensible, modest, loving. What a delightful picture of a joyous girl, just blossoming into young womanhood. We are informed by her own descendants and the wisest historians, that no true picture of Mary Ball exists. In the home of her early married life, one that was genuine was burn-

ed. Yet certain pen pictures, which describe her, and which have been preserved by the historian, remain. Fiske writes, "If tradition is to be trusted, few sons ever had a more lovely and devoted mother, and no mother a more dutiful and affectionate son." A playmate of George's early days, says, "Whoever has seen that inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the Father of his Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

When Augustine Washington died in 1743, he was 49 years of age. He left behind two sons by his first wife, and four sons, and a daughter by Mary Ball, his second wife. George was 10 years old at the time of his father's death. Most biographers have laid tremendous emphasis on the ancestry of Washington, and the part that played in the making of this man; they have also spoken respectfully of his mother, but the part the mother played in his early education, was by far the major part. She had even more to do, with making him wise and good, and great, than the help he derived thro' the channel of books and schools. To this mother, Fiske declares, we owe the precepts and examples that governed her son's life. She taught him the excellent moral and religious maxims found in Sir Matthew Hale's *Contemplations*. This volume, with his mother's inscription on the fly-leaf, was among the treasures of his library. He, himself, ascribed to his mother's care, the origin of his fortune and fame.

Mary Ball was not yet 36 years old at the time of her husband's death. She was now the owner of a

great estate, and could easily have selected for herself, a gay life socially. But as Goethe says, "She is the most excellent woman, who when her husband dies, becomes as a father to her children," and this was the part she elected to play. She survived her husband, his widow, 46 years. Mr. Custis, who often visited her in his childhood, pays her this beautiful tribute: "Bred in those domestic and independent habits which graced the Virginia matrons, in the old days of Virginia, this lady, by the death of her husband, became involved in the cares of a young family at a period when those cares seem more especially to claim the aid, and control of the stronger sex. It was left for this eminent woman, by a method the most rare, by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to form in the youth-time of her son, those great and essential qualities, which gave lustre to the glories of his after life. If the school savored the more of the Spartan than the Persian character, it was a fitter school to form a hero. Destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and a standard of excellence for ages to come."

"The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was Mistress, was a pattern of order. There the levity and indulgences common to youth, were tempered by a deference and well-regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment, used in the springtime of life, prescribed those enjoyments, within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus the chief was taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. Still the mother held in reserve an authority

which never departed from her even when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say, I am your mother, the being who gave you life, the guide who directed your steps, when they needed a guardian; my maternal affection drew forth your love; my authority constrained your spirit, whatever may be your success, or your renown, next to your God, your reverence is due me! Nor did the chief dissent from the truths, but to the last moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character, the highest respect, and the most enthusiastic attachment.

Such were the domestic influences, under which the mind of Washington was formed: and that he not only profited by, but fully appreciated their excellence, and the character of his mother, his behaviour toward her at all times testified." (The Life of Washington, Mrs. Pryor.)

The thoughtfulness of Washington toward his mother has become proverbial. Had he shown disregard for his mother's wishes, had he trampled upon her affections, his own career might have been radically different from what it was, as well as the entire history of our country. When Washington was 14, he determined to enlist in the Navy as midshipman. A berth had been procured on a British man-of-war. His trunk had been sent aboard. He came to the house to bid his mother good-bye, and found her in tears. Her distress over his going was so great that he changed his mind and remained at home. His mother was sorry for his disappointment, but undoubtedly that change altered his entire career in

after life. Who can tell what the outcome of the American Revolution would have been, had there been any other man at the front than George Washington? A son's regard for his mother's wishes, seems like a mighty small hinge on which the destiny of a nation shall swing, but in this instance we can do nothing less than reckon with it. Had he turned a deaf ear to the expostulations of his mother, the Capitol yonder might have had another name, as well as one of our States, several countries, and rivers, and innumerable small towns, and almost countless children.

Mary Ball was a Christian. The Bible was her constant companion. It was her custom to have family prayers every morning and evening, the servants of the household being present. Mr. Custis says, "She was always pious, but in her latter days, her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot formed by rocks and trees, near her dwelling, where abstracted from the world, and worldly things, she communed in humiliation and prayer with her Creator."

When her son was about to leave her side, to engage in perilous fighting on the frontier, she laid her hand on his shoulder and devoutly said, "God is our sure trust; to Him I commend you." Washington never forgot those words. When he accepted a position on General Braddock's staff, he said to his mother, "The God, to whom you commended me, when I set out on a most perilous errand, defended me from all harm, and will do so again." When the news of Braddock's defeat reached Fredericksburg,

the mother was forced to wait 12 days before she could be assured of his safety. When finally a letter from him reached her, he told of his wonderful escape, with four bullets shot thro' his coat, and two horses shot under him. How can we separate this miraculous escape from the sublime devotion and prayers of this godly mother?

When Washington's father was dying, he kissed his children in turn, and said, "Be good to your mother." Washington, in after years, said he faithfully had kept the promise he had made his dying father, when he knelt crying at his bedside, and that the mother also believed that her son had kept the promise, is evidenced also in her favorite remark, "George had always been a good son."

Washington's last act on his way North to be inaugurated President of the United States, was to turn aside to visit his aged mother who was living at Fredericksburg. "After embracing her, he told her of his election to the office of President, and added that before he entered upon his duties, he had come to bid her an affectionate farewell. 'So soon,' said he, 'as public business which must necessarily be encountered in forming a new Government, can be dispensed with, I shall hasten back.' 'You will see me no more,' she mournfully replied, 'My great age, and the disease, which is rapidly approaching my vitals, warns me, that I shall not be long in this world. But you, George, fulfill the highest destinies, which heaven has assigned you. Go, my son, and may heaven's blessing be with you always.' Overcome by the solemnity of her manner, and the declaration, which he knew to be true,

he leaned his head on her aged shoulders and wept. That great giant heart, which made him so terrible on the battlefield, was yet full of tenderest affections, and clinging still to that dear parent, whose love for him was unfailing as the ocean tide, he wept like a child, when told that he should see her face no more. Not when on the disastrous field, he stops and gathers around him, by his majestic bearing, the broken fragments of his army, nor when he stands at the head of the Republic, which he had saved, does he appear so great, so worthy the affections of men, as here when he leans and weeps on the shoulder of his mother." This proved to be the last time Washington saw his mother.

At Fredericksburg stands a monument erected to the memory of Mary Ball Washington. It is the only monument erected to the memory of a woman by the women of America. The monument was dedicated by President Cleveland, May 10, 1894. The oration, at the unveiling was delivered by Senator Daniels. No more appropriate words could be found with which to close this section than the words of the Senator on this occasion. "She nursed a hero at her breast. At her knee, she trained to the love and fear of God, and to the kingly virtues, honor, truth and valor, the lion of the tribe, that gave to America, liberty and independence. This her title to renown. It is enough. Eternal dignity, and heavenly grace, dwell upon the brow of this blessed mother; nor burnished gold, nor sculptured stone, nor rhythmic praise, could add one jot or tittle to her chaste glory. Tributes to the lofty genius, which is the rare gift of nature, and to the

brilliant deeds which are the rare fruits of fitting opportunity, fulfill a noble function; but they often excite extravagant emulations, that can never be satisfied, and individualize models, which few by possibility may copy. This tribute is not to them. It is to one who possessed only the homely virtues of her sex; but what is there in human life, that can be more admirable, or bring it in closer proximity to the divine? She was simply a private citizen. No sovereign crown rested upon her brow. She did not lead an army like a Joan of Arc, nor slay a tyrant like Charlotte Corday. She was not versed in letters or in arts. She was not an angel of mercy like Florence Nightingale, nor the consort of Nero. She did not shine amidst the throngs which bow to the charms of evil beauty, and hospitality. But in any assembly of the beautiful, the brilliant, the powerful, or the brave of her sex, no form could awaken a holier sentiment of reverence than she, and that sentiment is all the deeper because she was the unassuming wife and mother, whose kingdom was her family, whose world was her home. She was the good angel of the hearthstone, the special providence of tender hearts, and helpless hands, content to bear her burdens in the sequestered vale of life, her thoughts unperturbed by false ambitions, and all unlooking for the great reward that crowned her love and toil.

"But for the light that streamed from the deeds of him she bore, we would doubtless have never heard of the name of Mary Washington, and the grass that grew upon this grave had not been disturbed by curious footsteps or reverential hands.

But it does not follow, that she shines only in the reflection of her offspring's fame. Her virtues were not created. They were only discovered by the marvellous career of her illustrious son. This memorial might indeed be due to her, because of who she was, but it is far more due to her, because of what she was. It is in her own right, and as the type of her sex, her people and her race, that she deserves this tribute stone."

JANE RANDOLPH—JEFFERSON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Third President of the United States, 1801-'9.

The mother of Thomas Jefferson was Jane Randolph. She was the oldest daughter of an aristocratic and wealthy planter. Peter Jefferson was engaged to marry Jane Randolph, but he was a poor man, and he determined he would own a home of his own, before he invited a woman to become his wife, especially one who would leave a fine home and a congenial atmosphere socially; so he rode out into the wilderness, and bought a tract of land, one thousand acres in extent, none of it under cultivation. In two years, however, quite a change had been made, for scores of fine old trees had come crashing down, and in a nice clearing he built a log-house, and when finished he invited Jane Randolph to come and share his log-cabin home with him. Stoddard says the aristocratic bride brought no dowry with her, except herself, but that was

enough. When Thomas was fourteen years of age, his father died, and the care of rearing nine children devolved upon this mother. The oldest was a daughter seventeen years old, and the youngest were twins twenty-two months old. This mother's hands were more than full, with the management of the estate, and her young large family. But her remarkable guiding genius was equal to the occasion.

Jane Randolph was a beautiful and accomplished woman, cheerful, music-loving, with a fund of good humor, and well educated for those days. But father and mother belonged to one of the most vigorous and intellectual families of the colony, and one would naturally expect, that the Author of the Declaration of Independence, would exhibit fine intellectual qualities. The dying request of Peter Jefferson was that Thomas should have a college education. After his father's death, Thomas was thrown into the companionship of his mother, and an abiding intimacy sprang up between them. This gifted mother deepened his thoughtfulness, and ripened and enriched his character. She was a member of the Established Church, and faithfully instructed her son in the manly qualities of Christian living, so that, when he was twenty-four, he was a college graduate, a member of the bar, and did not gamble, or drink; use tobacco or swear; such was the influence of his mother upon him. Posterity can never know how much the people of this great country are indebted to Jane Randolph, the widowed mother of Thomas Jefferson, for the part she played, in training him, who was to write the Magna Charta of America.

When this great state paper is praised, considerable of credit must be given to a widowed mother, for her painstaking care, for her fidelity, in bringing up this son, who was left entirely in her keeping when a lad fourteen years old.

NELLIE CONWAY—MADISON.

JAMES MADISON,

Fourth President of the United States, 1809-'17.

The mother of James Madison was Nellie Conway. She was the mother of four sons and three daughters; the oldest was named James after his father. She was a woman of fine intellectual gifts, and fully competent to direct the first steps of her son's mental training. The deep devotion which this son manifested toward his mother in after years, speaks eloquently of the high regard he had for her. In fact, there is not the slightest historical evidence, of any President showing disrespect toward his mother. The mother of Madison, like the mother of Jefferson, was a member of the Established Church. When Madison's father died, the old homestead passed into the hands of the son, James. He built a fine new mansion on the estate, but did not disturb the old home, owing to the attachment his mother had for the old place, where she had always lived as the wife of James Madison, Sr. So the new house was attached to the old one. After retiring from the Presidency, Madison went to live in the new mansion, but his mother still retained

her home in the old part, which had become endeared to her thru the associations of a happy wedded life, and where she had brought up her family of children. "Here," says the historian, "she kept up her old fashioned way of housekeeping, waited upon by servants who grew old and faded away with her. She divided her time between her Bible, and knitting, all undisturbed by the modern hours, the changed customs, or the elegant hospitalities of the mansion itself. She was the central point in the life of her distinguished son, and the chief object of his most devoted care to the end of her days. These were long, for she passed away at ninety-eight." (Stoddard). Old Mrs. Madison was very fond of Dolly Madison, who graced the White House as the first lady of the land, the beautiful and attractive wife of her son, and when growing infirm, thru old age, she said, "Dolly is my mother now, and cares most tenderly for all my wants."

ABIGAIL SMITH—ADAMS.**JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,****Sixth President of the United States, 1825-'29.**

Abigail Smith, the mother of John Quincy Adams, was the daughter of a Congregational minister. History places her, "among the most remarkable women of the Revolutionary period." She is described by Wm. H. Seward, as a woman of great beauty, high intellectual endowments, and she combined with the proper accomplishments of her

sex, a sweetness of disposition, and a generous sympathy with the patriotic devotion of her husband. When John Quincy was seven years old his mother took him to one of the high hills, in the neighborhood of her home, and he clambered on his mother's knees, and listened to the sounds of the Battle of Bunker Hill; and watched the burning of Charlestown. The care of her son in his early childhood, developed entirely upon her, owing to the absence abroad of her husband, who was employed in the interests of his country. When John Quincy was appointed Minister to Holland, his father, writing to the mother said: "The President has it in contemplation to send your son to Holland." The father made use of the words "your son," in order to convey to the mother how large a part she had had in training that son. When John Quincy was appointed Minister to Berlin, by his father, who was President of the United States, he was reluctant to accept the post, because the appointment came from his father. His father, however, wrote that it was the expressed wish of George Washington, that he should accept the post. In response, he wrote to his mother: "I know with what delight your truly maternal heart has received every testimonial of Washington's favorable voice. It is among the most precious gratifications of my life, to reflect upon the pleasure which my conduct has given my parents. How much, my dear mother, is required of me to support and justify such a judgment, as that which you have copied in your letter." One of the most tender and beautiful tributes, ever accorded a mother by a son, was that bestowed by

John Quincy Adams, and which is published in his "Diary," 1874-77. We quote:—"There is not a virtue that can abide in the female heart, but it was the ornament of hers. She had been fifty-four years the delight of my father's heart, the sweetness of all his toils, the comforter of all his sorrows, the sharer and brightness of all his joys. It was but the last time when I saw my father, that he told me, with an ejaculation of gratitude, to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that in all the visissitudes of his fortunes, thru all the good report, and evil report of the world, in all his struggles, and in all his sorrows, the affectionate participation, and cheering encouragement of his wife, had been his never failing support, without which he was sure, he would never have lived thru them.

"Never have I known another human being, the perpetual object of whose life was so unremittingly to do good. Yet so unostentatious, so unconscious, even of her own excellence, that even the objects of her kindness, often knew not whence it came. She had seen the world,—its glories without being dazzled; its vices and follies, without being infected by them. She had suffered often and severely from fits of long and painful sickness, always with calmness and resignation. She had a profound but not an obtrusive sensibility. She was always cheerful, never frivolous; she had neither gall, nor guile.

"Her attention to the domestic economy of her family was unrivalled—rising with the dawn and superintending the household concerns with indifatigable and all foreseeing care. She had a warm and lively relish for literature, for social conversa-

tion, for whatever was interesting in the occurrences of the time, and even in political affairs. She had been during the war of the Revolution, an ardent patriot, and the earliest lesson of unbounded devotion to the cause of this country, that her children received, was from her. She had the most delicate sense of propriety of conduct, but nothing uncharitable, nothing bitter. Her price indeed was above rubies." Such was the tribute a most distinguished son paid to a most remarkable mother. She was the ideal wife and mother.

Mr. Adams was brought up in a home that was decidedly Christian. He never got away from the influence of his mother. Many years before he won the highest honors in the gift of the American people, he declared: "The God of my father and mother, shall be my God." He ever remained true to this declaration, when crowned with the highest honors in the gift of the American people. Abbott says:—"When his body was bent, and his hair silvered by the lapse of fourscore years, yielding to the simple faith of a child, he was accustomed to repeat every night before he slept, the nursery prayer his mother taught him in his infant years. There is a great moral beauty in the aspect of this venerable, world-worn man, folding his hands, and closing his eyes, as he repeated in simplicity the nursery prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus sake."

ELIZABETH HUTCHINSON—JACKSON.

ANDREW JACKSON,

Seventh President of the United States, 1829-'37.

Andrew Jackson bore the name of his father. His mother's name was Elizabeth Hutchinson. The father died a few days before the son was born, and the mother went directly from the grave of her husband to the log cabin home of her sister, where a few days afterward this son was born. What a scene! Who would dream that a future President of the United States could come out of such lowly surroundings. Here was the pain-crushed, heart-stricken widow, no home of her own; a clotheless babe, coarse fare, poverty, and wild surroundings. Mrs. Jackson was a Presbyterian, and a very devout woman. She wanted her son Andrew to become a clergyman, which seemed impossible to every one but the mother. With this thought uppermost in mind, she trained his young mind to duty; to religious faith and life. As her invalid sister's house-keeper, Mrs. Jackson worked hard, washing and mending and cooking, in order to help pay for the support of herself and her children.

Jackson in his early life drifted a long way off from the coveted desire of his mother. One biographer says, "He was the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that lived in Salisbury," and another declares, that he sowed a big crop of wild oats in his early manhood. His education was of the most meagre

sort, consisting of but little more than the three R's. He never learned to write English correctly.

Andrew Jackson's mother practically died a martyr to her country, as the result of hardships and exposure sustained during the Revolutionary war. Her two sons, Robert and Andrew, both mere lads, Andrew not yet fifteen, were among the young patriots who volunteered to ward off the Tories at Waxhaw. Both were taken prisoners. A Tory officer commanded Andrew to blacken his boots. Andrew replied, "Sir, I am a prisoner of war, and claim to be treated as such." The officer glared at him like a wild beast, and aimed a desperate blow at his head. Andrew broke the force of the blow with his hand, and received two wounds, a deep gash on the head, and another on the hand. The scars from these wounds he carried to his dying day. This officer next turned to his brother Robert, and ordered him to blacken his boots. Robert saw the wounds of his brother, and the fresh blood pouring from them, and had every reason to fear a like assault, in case he should refuse. But he did refuse, and the officer dealt him a terrific blow on the head which levelled him to the floor, and disabled him. An aged relative, commenting on the scene said, "I'll reckon Andy thought of it at New Orleans." The two wounded Jackson boys suffered intensely, as a consequence of the inhuman treatment from the Tories. This treatment reminds us of the terribleness of the Germans in the present world war.

Both boys were stricken with small-pox. Their devoted mother heard of their pitiable plight. Prisoners—wounded—small-pox! She strove with all the

might of mother love for their deliverance, and finally succeeded in effecting an exchange of prisoners. When the mother gazed upon her two boys, saw their pitiable condition—the wound on Robert's head had not even been dressed—she was overcome with astonishment and horror. In two days after Robert reached home he was a corpse, and Andrew a raving maniac. But a mother's nursing, and a strong constitution pulled Andrew thru. After he was well on the way to recovery, this patriotic mother heard of the sufferings of the prisoners of war, at Charleston, and she volunteered her services. There were no Red Cross nurses in those days, but there were devoted women, who were pioneers of the Red Cross work. Tradition says, that Mrs. Jackson made the long journey of one hundred and sixty miles on foot. Andrew Jackson, however, doubts this. He thinks that some way was surely provided to get his mother to her destination. But her rough journey thru life was nearly over. She was seized with ship-fever, and soon after died. The only legacy this poor woman had to leave her orphan son, was a pathetic little bundle of clothes, which was sent to him at Waxhaw, and a stainless character, and the memory of a good mother, and faithful Christian. Andrew mourned deeply over the loss of his good patriotic mother. He owed her his life. In after years he loved to dwell upon her many virtues. He revered her memory, as he had the right to do. In after life, he declared, that he never got away from the influence of her godly life, and when he embraced Christianity, it was no doubt in answer to this mother's prayers, and the uncon-

scious influence of her life. He did not become a clergyman, but he became a gallant American General, a distinguished statesman, and President of the United States. Would that this mother of toil and sacrifice might have lived, to have rejoiced in the honors that came to her distinguished son. Her burial place is unknown. She was buried so obscurely, her grave has never been discovered. Andrew, a little over fourteen years old, was left an orphan, sick, sorrowful, homeless. Parton, in his "Life of Jackson," styles him, "An orphan of the Revolution," but the great heart of the people of this Republic, adopted him as Son.

ELIZABETH SPEER—BUCHANAN

JAMES BUCHANAN,

Fifteenth President of the United States, 1857-'61.

James Buchanan was born in a log-cabin, built by his father, on a piece of ground where he had "staked his claim," in Franklin Co., Pa. The trees out of which the cabin was built were felled by the father's own hands. In this log-cabin, the future President lived until he was eight years old. His mother, Elizabeth Speer, was a woman of uncommon intellect. Horton, in his "Life of James Buchanan," says that "Altho' she had not enjoyed the advantages of a superior education, she was distinguished for her masculine sense, and remarkable literary taste. . . . She was also a woman of the most exalted and enlightened piety, and to her in-

fluence in forming his character, and implanting those fundamental principles of conduct, which underlie all true greatness, is her son, James Buchanan, indebted for his present distinction." That he was indebted to his mother for his rich intellectual gifts, admits of no doubt. When in college no study was too difficult. He never went to class unprepared. He not simply had learned his lesson, but he had mastered it. When he graduated from Dickinson College, he was only eighteen years old, and graduated with the highest honors.

James Buchanan is another of our Presidents who has paid a beautiful and loving tribute to the memory of his mother. She was the mother of eleven children, a member of the Presbyterian church, a very devout woman, and had a great influence over her son James. She was passionately fond of the best literature, and according to her son, James, had a prodigious memory. As one reads the remarkable tribute paid to her by her son, long after he had become a national character, he is reminded of the words of Sacred Writ, "Her children rise up and call her blessed." The following is this tribute of love, almost without parallel in literature, surely deserving a place alongside that of John Quincy Adams, which he paid to his mother:

"My mother, considering her limited opportunities in early life, was a remarkable woman. The daughter of a country farmer, engaged in household employment from early life, until after my father's death. She yet found time to read much, and to reflect deeply on what she read. She had a great fondness for poetry, and could repeat with ease, all

the passages in her favorite authors, which struck her fancy. These were Milton, Young, Cowper and Thompson. I do not think, at least until a late period of life, she had ever read a criticism on any of these authors, and yet such was the correctness of her natural taste, that she had selected for herself, and could repeat every passage in them which has been admired.

"She was a sincere and devoted Christian, from the time of my earliest recollection, and had read much on the subject of Theology; and what she read once she remembered forever. For her sons, as they successively grew up, she was a delightful and instructive companion. She would argue with them and often gain the victory; ridicule then in any folly, or eccentricity; excite their ambition by presenting to them in glowing colors, men who had been useful to their country, or their kind, as objects of imitation, and enter into all their joys and sorrows. Her early habits of laborious industry, she could not be induced to forego, while she had anything to do. My father did everything he could to prevent her from laboring in her domestic concerns, but it was all in vain. I had often, during my vacations, at school, or college, sat in the room with her, and while she was, (entirely of her own choice) busily engaged in homely domestic employments, have spent hours pleasantly and instructively, conversing with her.

"She was a woman of great firmness of character, and bore the afflictions of her later life with Christian philosophy. After my father's death, she lost two sons, William and George Washington, two

young men of great promise, and also a favorite daughter. These afflictions withdrew her affections, gradually more and more, away from the things of this world, and she died on May 14, 1833, at Greensburg, in the calm and firm assurance that she was going home to her father and her God. It was chiefly to her influence that her sons were indebted for a liberal education. Under Providence, I attribute any little distinction which I may have acquired in the world to the blessing which He conferred upon me in granting me such a mother."

Here was a mother not completely absorbed in clubs, and fashionable fandangoes, but who took the time to be a companion to her children, as well as a consistent example in Christian discipleship. She counselled with them, and taught them the value of clean living, and the privilege of having high and lofty aspirations in life. Any child would owe a world of debt to such a mother.

NANCY HANKS—LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Sixteenth President of the United States, 1861-'65.

Every High School scholar is familiar with the name of Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. She has been described as slender, and delicate, rather pale and sad, of a shrinking nature, still heroic. Miss Tarbell in her "Life of Lincoln," says, "She was a sweet tempered and a beautiful woman, whom tradition paints as the centre of all the country merry-making." The Hanks girls were also very religious, and were prominent at camp meetings, were fine singers, and occasionally indulged in a shout according to the Methodist customs of those days. Carl Schurz is the only author we have come across who describes Mrs. Lincoln in an altogether different light. He paints her as coarse and ignorant, and with melancholy disposition. Historically, we believe this to be incorrect, in view of the fact that historians, generally speaking, have agreed otherwise.

In a mere hut, on a poor scrub farm near Hodgenville, La Rue Co., Ky., Abraham Lincoln was born. His cradle, and the only one he ever knew, was his poor mother's arms. His only playmate, in his earliest childhood, his sister Nancy, bearing this name during the life of her mother, and after her death, taking the name of Sarah, after her step-mother. Lincoln's playground was the primeval forest about him. He never owned a toy, for toys were expensive, and there was little money in the Lincoln home. When Lincoln was seven years old, he and little sister Nancy, trudged behind their

father and mother into the trackless wilds of Southern Indiana. Here, on Little Pigeon Creek, Thomas Lincoln established his new home. The land chosen was covered with dense forest, and no shelter awaited the family he brought with him, so he hastily cut down a lot of young saplings, and constructed a shed into which he moved his family. It shielded the family only on three sides, thru the freezing storms of one long winter. It had no floor, no windows, and the ground floor turned into mud when the thaws set in. There was not even a skin to hang over the open front to keep out the storms. Pegs were driven in the wall, and young Lincoln nimbly climbed up these to his bed of leaves in the rude loft. Nancy Hanks could not withstand the rigors of the frontier life. Hardship, exposure, and anxiety had begun to tell on her. In the summer of 1818 malarial fever broke out in the neighborhood. Her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Sparrow, were both stricken with the disease. They were brought to the Lincoln shanty to be cared for. Nancy Hanks waited on them, and attended also the cares of her own household, pouring out her life and strength for others, as Elizabeth Hutchinson, the martyred mother of Andrew Jackson had done. The uncle and aunt both died. The extra burdens had begun to tell on the already over-burdened mother, and she, too, fell an easy victim to the fever. The nearest physician was thirty-five miles away. The swift fever soon burnt her life out. As the end drew near, Abraham knelt sobbing beside his dying mother. He was losing his best friend. She laid her hand on his young head, and gave him her last

message, calling upon him to be good to his father and sister, and calling upon all to be good to one another and worship God. It has been generally supposed that it was at this time he promised his mother that he would never use intoxicating liquor, for he made the promise when he was nine years old, and that was his age when his mother died. That promise he kept to the day of his death. When he had grown to manhood, he was delivering an address at a temperance meeting, and read a pledge he had written.

"Whereas, The use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is productive of pauperism, degradation and crime; and believing it our duty to discourage that which produces more evil than good, we therefore pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

Mr. Lincoln was always a firm exponent of total abstinence. The influence of Nancy Hanks, thru the agency of a pledge exacted from her son, when she was dying, continues to live thru the channel of the Lincoln-Lee Temperance Legion. In a sermon published in The Christian Advocate, from the text, "There is a place by me," the writer says, that when Lincoln's mother was dying she pressed her son to her breast, and bade him a long and loving farewell, saying: "Be something, Abe." Ever and anon during the years that were to come, Lincoln heard the voice of his angel mother saying: "Be something, Abe." Throughout the years of his struggle and toil, and when honors at last came to him, the words of that angel mother, from the angel world would come to him, "Be something, Abe." He

once said to an intimate friend, his eyes suffused with tears, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother,—blessings on her memory." Strange that there have been those who have said, that Mr. Lincoln in these words, referred to his step-mother, when his step-mother was still living when he gave expression to them.

This boy, but nine years old, when his mother slipped away to heaven, loved his mother with all the ardor of his soul. His father's knowledge of carpentry, enabled him to make the pine box which was to contain the body of his mother. Young Abe stood by, while this rude box was being nailed together. He stood by when his father lowered that rude casket in the grave, which he had made in an adjoining forest. There were no religious services, connected with his mother's burial, and this almost broke young Lincoln's heart. An itinerant Methodist preacher, named Parson Elkins, had occasionally conducted religious services in the neighborhood. Lincoln secured his address, and the first letter he ever wrote was addressed to this minister requesting him to come and hold religious services over that lonely grave. Receiving an affirmative answer, he sent invitations to the settlers, and fully two hundred came to the funeral from miles around. If Parson Elkins had known that that letter was written by a boy who was destined to become President of the United States, how carefully he would have preserved it. The funeral sermon of this humble Methodist preacher, made a profound impression on Lincoln's mind, and was never effaced. The day to him was a holy day.

While Nancy Hanks could not be called an educated woman, even in those days, she was able to read, and often read to young Abe, and his sister, the father sitting by understanding and appreciating an education, all the more because he had it not. Much has been written about Mr. Lincoln's use of the Bible. To his mother he was indebted for his great love of the Holy Scriptures. His mother is reported to have said, "I would rather my son would be able to read the Bible, than to own a farm, if he cannot have but one." Lincoln probably never owned a farm, and may never have had sufficient funds to purchase one, but he did know his Bible. The influence of the Holy Scriptures on Mr. Lincoln's life, and his writings, is remarkable. A recent writer says, he has taken the pains to go thru Mr. Lincoln's published works, speeches, letters and public papers, and had marked every reference to God, Providence, every Scriptural allusion, or quotation, and in so doing was astonished at the result. Some pages were literally covered with pencilings. Raymond, in his "Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln," says, that when his mother died, "she was happy in the knowledge, that chiefly under her own tuition, her son had learned to read the Bible, the book, which as a Christian woman, she prized above all others. It is impossible to estimate the influence which this faithful mother exerted in moulding the character of her child." The earnestness with which she impressed on his mind and heart the holy precepts of this Book, did most to develop those characteristics, which in after years caused him to be known as the "Honest" man. This great

Commoner had honestly and righteously earned the name, "Honest old Abe," which an admiring public applied to him, but when thus applied an unconscious compliment was paid to his Angel Mother, Nancy Hanks.

MARY McDONOUGH—JOHNSON.

ANDREW JOHNSON,

Seventeenth President of the United States, 1865-'69.

In at least five log-cabin homes, were born sons who were destined to become Presidents of the United States. Andrew Johnson may not have been born in a log-cabin, for he was born at Raleigh, N. C., but owing to the extreme poverty of his father, the house, doubtless, was little more than a shamble. When Andrew was four years old, his father died. He was drowned while attempting to save the life of a friend. His mother, Mary McDonough, was left a widow, and to her, in her poverty, was left the task of caring for one who was to become the President of the United States. Of the seven widows, mentioned in this book, none had a more difficult task, than Mrs. Johnson, owing to the impoverished condition of the family. After the death of Jacob Johnson the mother and Andrew dropped completely out of sight, from the time the lad was four years until he was ten. Nobody knows how Mrs. Johnson managed to get along; however, she must have managed to find some way.

We read to-day of the "Poor Whites," of the

South, improvished and uneducated. To this class of people belonged the Johnson family. Even colored folks, then and now, thus speak contemptuously of them. They did not know the value of an education. They had no aspirations in that direction. Consequently, few if any attended school. Andrew Johnson's experience was no exception to the experience of the other "Poor Whites." He had no schooling. Think of one who never attended school a day in his life, but who fitted himself to serve his state in the Legislature, and as Governor, and the nation as a United States Senator, and finally exalted to the Presidential chair. His lot in early life was a hard one. When he was ten, he was apprenticed to a master-tailor, named Selby, and that apprenticeship was to last seven long, weary years. While working at his trade, the boy learned the alphabet, and also to read. He borrowed books, and would read and study from two to three hours every night. A few months before his apprenticeship expired, he ran away, and began working for himself. We believe he was inspired to do this thro' the necessity of caring for his mother,—this the sequel seems to prove. He had not deserted his master-tailor long before his course of action began to prey upon his mind, and not having money to pay for transportation to the city where Selby lived, he walked the entire twenty miles. His motive in returning was to apologize for running away, and to pay for the months of service still due Mr. Selby. He was still less than eighteen years of age, he had served seven years as an apprentice boy, and had a dependent mother to care for. Tenderly, he will care for her, to

the utmost of his ability, she who cared for him, in her poverty, during his early childhood. He took his mother to Greenville, Tenn., where he established his home. Andrew Johnson was fortunate in marrying a very intelligent woman, who at once became interested in assisting him in his studies. To his teacher-wife he owed much. No man who afterward became President of the United States, had more hardship, and so little to encourage him in his early life, as Andrew Johnson. The "Tailor" President deserves much credit, and is truly deserving of high praise, for what he made of himself. Coming from the ranks of the poor and common people himself, throughout his career, he espoused their cause, and among them, was popular. His lack of a liberal education was doubtless responsible for his obstinacy, and narrow-mindedness which he at times exhibited in public life.

It is greatly to the credit of Andrew Johnson, that he was never ashamed of his humble origin, and obscure occupation of his earlier days. On one occasion he said on the floor of the Senate of the United States:

"I do not forget that I am a mechanic, neither do I forget that Adam was a tailor, and sewed fig-leaves, and that our Saviour was the son of a carpenter."

While Andrew Johnson was serving as an apprentice in Selby's tailor shop, his boy companion and friend McGoffin was learning the blacksmith's trade. Years afterward, when Andrew Johnson was serving the great State of Tennessee as Governor, his blacksmith friend was serving the equally great State

of Kentucky, as Governor. After Johnson became Governor of Tennessee, the story is told, that he bought cloth, and with his own hands made a fine suit of clothes, which he presented to his friend Gov. McGoffin, of Ky. In return, Gov. McGoffin went to a blacksmith's shop, donned a leather-apron, rolled up his sleeves, stood at anvil and forge, and made with his own hands, a shovel and pair of tongs, which he sent to Gov. Johnson, with the wish that they would help keep alive "the flame of their friendship." It is not surprising that such a man as Andrew Johnson, should be exceedingly popular with the common people of our great nation.

HANNAH SIMPSON—GRANT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

Eighteenth President of the United States, 1869-'77.

Hannah Simpson, the mother of Ulysses S. Grant, was a devout Christian, and member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Many an itinerant Methodist preacher enjoyed the hospitality of her home. Hannah Simpson was amiable, serene, even-tempered, self-forgetful, kind and considerate to all. She would speak ill of no one. She governed her children without the rod. Grant declared that he had no recollection of ever being punished at home either by scolding or whipping, by either father or mother. This was a most remarkable statement to make, and one that can be made by but few. In return for the tender affection manifested by this mother toward her children, they were tractable, well-behaved, never boisterous, nor rude in the family circle. Ulysses was taught to be prompt in doing, or at least in attempting to do whatever he was told. He was honest to the farthing, and incapable of crookedness, and as a boy valued strict truth-telling. The historian says, that the closest comrades of his boyhood insist that he was never guilty of a deliberate falsehood. In this little volume, we present a remarkable trio in this respect: Washington, Grant, and McKinley, as we shall see later on.

Hannah Simpson Grant never praised her sons or daughters in the presence of others. When Ulysses became a distinguished national character, she scrupulously refrained from speaking boastingly of

her distinguished son, and when others sounded his praises in her ears, she would blush like a school-girl, and frequently leave the room. When he was elected to the Presidency, Mrs. Grant said of him, as Mary Washington said of her son, "He was always a good boy." She expressed no more surprise at his election to this high office, than did Washington's mother, when he became the President of this young nation in 1789. When old age came, she had a calm, winning manner, and a face still sweet, and still young. Ulysses inherited many of his traits of character from his mother. From her he derived his reticence, modesty, self-abnegation, patience, and equanimity. We are told that the best thing Jesse Grant ever did was to marry Hannah Simpson. Jesse Grant pays this tribute to the mother of the President:—"Her steadiness, firmness, and strength of character, have been the stay of the family thru life. She was always careful, and most watchful over her children; but never austere, and not opposed to their free participation in innocent amusements." Col. F. D. Grant, the President's son speaks thus of her:—she was "one of the most modest and unselfish of women. Her intimate friends greatly appreciated her rare worth and excellent qualities, many of which the General inherited. Devoted as she was to him, his honors and success never betrayed her into an act or remark which would indicate that her head was turned by them. She was glad and thankful for his good fortune, and with the loving faithfulness of a Christian mother, she had long made his welfare the subject of earnest prayer. She had faith in his future, tho' not great

worldly expectations, and during the last years of his life, her interest in his future had special reference to that part on which they have both entered."

From the influence of such a mother, of charming Christian graces, we are not surprised at Grant's abhorrence of all obscene and profane language. "The restraining influence of his mother's teachings operated so powerfully upon his mind, that he never uttered an oath in his life." No doubt, the same influence was responsible for his abhorrence of obscenity. He would not tolerate for a moment the telling of an unclean story. He has been lauded to the skies, for his firm stand in this particular, but we cannot eliminate the influence of Hannah Simpson Grant. Grant always held in reverence the religion of his mother. He would rather enjoy the charming presence of this mother than to be the honored guest at a banquet given by his admiring country-men. A few days after he had received his commission as General-in-chief of the American Army, while in Washington, he received an invitation from President Lincoln to attend a military dinner at the White House in his honor. He thanked the President but courteously declined. The dinner came off, but as Mr. Lincoln said, "It was like Hamlet with the Prince left out." General Grant took a train for Cincinnati, Ohio, where his parents were living, and while the dinner was in progress, where he might have been the commanding figure, admired by all, as the Nation's hero, this silent man of American history, was locked in the quiet comradeship of his aged father and mother.

We have an unerring index, pointing to the affectionate regard Grant cherished in his heart for this great and good mother, in a letter which he wrote to her shortly after he became a Cadet at West Point. "I have occasionally been called upon to be separated from you, but never did I feel the full force and effect of this separation as I do now. I seem alone in the world without my mother. There have been so many ways in which you have advised me, when in the quiet of home, I have been pursuing my studies, that I cannot tell you how much I miss you. I was so often alone with you, and you so frequently spoke to me in private, that the solitude of my situation here at the Academy, among my silent books, and in my lonely room, is all the more striking. It reminds me the more forcibly of home, and most of all, dear mother, of you. But in the midst of all this, your kindly instructions and admonitions, are ever present with me. I trust they may never be absent from me, as long as I live. How often do I think of them, and how well they strengthen me in every good word and work! My dear mother, should I progress well with my studies at West Point, and become a soldier of my country, I am looking forward with hope, to have you spared to share with me, in any advancement I may make. *I see now in looking over the records here, how much American soldiers of the right stamp are indebted to good American Mothers!* When they go to the fields, what prayers go with them; what tender testimonials of affection and counsel are in their knapsacks! I am struck, in looking over the history of the noble struggle of our fathers for national independence,

at the evidence of the good influence exerted upon them by the women of the Revolution."

The author is responsible for the italics in the above letter. It bears out the thought in the mind of the writer of the great debt our country owes to the mothers of our great men, and particularly, the mothers of our Presidents. Thus wrote the young cadet to his absent mother. And history has proved that the hand of Hannah Simpson was largely instrumental, in presenting to this nation, a son who became the greatest American soldier, this country has ever produced, and one of our most worthy Presidents. The Grant America knows could not have been without the influence and guiding genius of that wise and good mother Hannah Simpson.

Mothers of Presidents! Witness their influence. We see it evidenced in the life of Washington, the Father of his country; in Jefferson, who gave to the American people their Magna Charta, and in the career of Grant, who thro' victories won on the far flung battle line, prevented the dismemberment of the Union. Why has not some historian discovered long ago the tremendous debt we owe to these uncrowned Queens of our fair land! As we move among them and fellowship with their distinguished sons, we seem to be fairly moving in the company of goddesses and gods. It is true, they were mortals,—the mothers, the sons,—but what sun-crowned mortals!

SOPHIA BIRCHARD—HAYES.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES,

Nineteenth President of the United States, 1877-
1881.

Sophia Birchard was the mother of Rutherford Birchard Hayes. His father died before he was born, so that we have two of our Presidents, Andrew Jackson, and Rutherford B. Hayes, brought up entirely by their mothers, the father in each instance, dying before the birth of their son, and again we have the oft-repeated story of a widow bringing up a son to become a President of the United States. Surely fathers have no right to take on airs in this respect, and yet when widows and mothers have had so much to do in training sons for the Presidency, the biographer or historian, has generally dismissed her, by informing us about her parents, when she was married, and the number of children that came to the home to bless the union. In at least one instance, we almost failed to determine even the name of the mother; she was poor, of obscure birth, and was dismissed with a stroke of the pen. Fathers are skeptical about the necessity of so much guarding, cautioning, and training. Not so mothers. Possibly this is responsible, in a measure, at least, for such distinguished sons as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Johnson, Hayes, Garfield and Cleveland, in becoming such great national characters. They were blessed with the constant guardianship of good and wise mothers. Mother instinct is always useful in rearing children.

Rutherford Hayes and his wife Sophia Birchard moved from Brattleboro, Vt., in 1817, to Delaware, Ohio, when it required 47 days to make the journey. Mr. Hayes was considered well-to-do for those days. His wife was a woman of much refinement, and possessed fine Christian principles. The training her children received from her hands, was very strict, leaning toward the New England Puritanical school. Young Hayes was nicknamed "Ruddy," and never did a boy have a more appropriate name, for he was always healthy and rosy-cheeked. At an early day his mother became his teacher. She taught him how to spell, and read, and besides other lessons, that were to be useful to him in after life, by precept and example. He was taught the finer art of learning how to command himself, so great a necessity, should he in after years be called upon to command others. A sister also graced the fatherless home, and this little sister and little brother were almost inseparable. Mrs. Hayes never surrendered to the schoolmaster the responsibility of developing the mental and moral nature of her children. Mothers never should do this. She was a perfect Past Master in the art of establishing a workable reconciliation between book and ball — club, pen and gun, slate and fishing tackle, and there is a perfect reconciliation between work and play. The play instinct is nature's gift, and needs proper development along legitimate channels, the same as the mind. Mrs. Hayes, as Master-builder, taught her son how to construct a character building into which went, "Good work, True work, Square work, just such work" as would be needed, when

the structure would be tested in the fierce storms of life. Daily, under her guidance, without sound of axe, hammer or tool of iron, this invisible structure went up.

When young Hayes was 16 years old, he was ready for college. He was prepared for Yale, but Yale was so far away from the Hayes home in Delaware, Ohio, that the mother could not bear the thought of sending the boy so far away from her, so she began corresponding with the authorities of Kenyon College, Ohio, which institution he entered in due time.

The strict views of Mr. Hayes' mother made a lasting impression upon the mind of her son. While to Mrs. Hayes, the President's wife, is given the honor of being the first President's wife to banish liquors from the White House table, and the W. C. T. U. have made much of it, as they have the right to do, and have honored her, for her total abstinence rules, and enforcements, and have presented to the White House a portrait of Mrs. Hayes, which now adorns the walls of one of the rooms of the White House, the suggestion to thus banish wines, first came from the President himself. After the President had retired from office, his own views were published, which were as follows. "When I became President, I was fully convinced that whatever might be the case in other countries, and with people in our climate, and with the excitable, nervous temperament of our people, the habitual use of intoxicating drinks was not safe. I regarded the danger of the habit as especially great in political and official life. It seemed to me that to exclude liquors

from the White House, would be wise and useful as an example, and would be approved by good people generally. The suggestion was particularly agreeable to Mrs. Hayes, she had been a total abstinence woman from childhood. We had never used liquors in our own home, and it was determined to continue our home customs in our official residence in Washington." So we are forced to the conclusion that the *suggestion* of banishing liquors from the White House table first came from the President, and in this there was lurking, some of the strict Puritanical notions of the New England mother, Sophia Birchard. It would be hard to get away from the teachings of such a mother, and it is well.

ELIZA BALLOU—GARFIELD

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

Twentieth President of the United States, 1881.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. His mother, Eliza Ballou, was left a widow, with four children to support, the oldest 10 years old, and James, the youngest, but 18 months. The father, Abram Garfield, had been fighting a fire. The conflagration had spread to fences, woods, and fields. Everything was threatened. The fire lasted many hours, but finally he got the best of it. Abram Garfield was of powerful physique, he had become over-heated, and was very tired. He sat down in the shade of his cabin doorway to cool off. He had been warned of the danger of sitting in a draft, in his over-heated condition, but he believed that, with his robust health, there could be no danger, so he sat still. It was a fatal mistake, for in three days he was dead. The older children were old enough to understand what death meant, but not so little "Jimmy." He would pull at the sheets of his father's bier, and pitiously cry for his papa, and wondered why he continued to sleep so long. The neighbors said, his mother could never support the family. The children would have to be bound out, or given away. Suppose the mother had acted on their suggestions. If she had, the world would never have heard of James A. Garfield.

Eliza Ballou Garfield was face to face with a grim situation. The farm had never been fully fenced. The stock was not paid for. Fruit trees

had not been planted long enough to produce fruit. There was only a meagre stock of provision on hand. Crops were to be gathered, and there was nobody to do the work. This was the task that faced the young widow. But she was an unnoticed heroine. She never for a moment dreamed of either selling the farm, or scattering the children. She believed she would find a way out of her perplexing difficulties.

She sold off part of the farm, and with the proceeds paid off the debt on the remaining 30 acres, and she then had her 30 acres, and two cows free from debt. Thomas, the oldest boy, and his mother, attempted to complete the unfinished rail-fence. We can scarcely imagine it possible, that a mother of a future President ever made the attempt to split rails for a fence. We are not making such a claim, but there is room for such conjecture. She helped gather the crops, and added to her income, by assisting the neighbors, spinning, weaving and knitting. Little Jimmy was the pet of his mother, and the pride of his brother Thomas, and his sisters. Thomas would save his pennies, in order to purchase his little brother a pair of shoes, so that he could attend the Sabbath services.

At 10, James was helping out his mother's income, by working for the neighbors on their farms. He had a liking for the sea. His mother did not want him to take up a sea-faring life, but he made an attempt at it. Failing to secure a position on any of the vessels on Lake Erie, he tried the Canal, and here he was successful in securing a job. One day he was thrown in the Canal. As he sank in

the water, with none to help, he thought he must surely drown. He was almost miraculously saved, and began to think that such a deliverance was well-nigh providential. He also knew his mother was not pleased with his work, so he soon started for home, which he reached late at night. Here, he saw a scene in the open window which he never forgot. His mother was on her knees, with the open Bible before her. He heard her praying, "Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength to thy servant, and *save the son of thy handmaid*," and this prayer offered by this mother that night, was the prayer the son knew, his mother offered for her absent boy every night. He waited until she had finished her prayer, then opened the door, and her prayer was answered. The next moment, mother and son, were locked into each other's embrace. Who can understand how much it is worth to a boy, to have a praying mother like that? Henceforth he determined to devote himself toward securing an education. His purpose met with his mother's unqualified approval. He fitted himself for college in Hiram Eclectic Institute, paying his expenses, by ringing the college bell, and with his room-mate, cooking his own meals, and doing his own house-keeping.

Garfield is another example of our Presidents, who have left us an unswerving example of fidelity, and devotion toward his mother. He exemplified this, in his early life, when he returned to his mother, in her log-cabin home, because he could not bear to leave her alone, and rendered her a son's loyal support. He exemplified this throughout an

unusually active life, when it became crowded with political duties and activities. After he had finished reading his inaugural address, he turned to Chief Justice Waite and said, "I am now prepared to take the oath." The Clerk of the Supreme Court, who attended the Chief Justice, produced a Sabbath School edition of the Bible, doubtless at the request of Mr. Garfield. The President elect took this book, and after the oath of office had been administered by the Chief Justice, Gen. Garfield kissed the page, bowed to the Chief Justice, and turned first of all to the wrinkled little woman that stood close by his side, whom he fondly called "Mother," and affectionately kissed her in the presence of twenty-five thousand applauding citizens of this great country.

It was a proud day for Eliza Garfield. She was being rewarded for all her sacrifice and toil. She fairly idolized her distinguished son. Her suffering during the long protracted illness of the President, after he had been shot by the assassin Guiteau, was pathetic. The mind of the stricken President, on his sick bed, often reverted to his lonely mother. Amidst his own sufferings, he wanted to help and cheer her. When his friends were banished from her bedside, not even James G. Blaine, whom he loved like a brother, was permitted to see him, he thought of his mother, isolated and suffering. With his own hands he wrote the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 11, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER:—

Don't be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true, that I am still weak, and

on my back, but I am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me thru.

Give my love to all my relations and friends, and especially to sisters Hetty and Mary.

Your loving son,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

MRS. ELIZA GARFIELD,
Hiram, Ohio.

The letter began strong and steady. But the handwriting records a fast ebbing strength, until the last word, which was more the driving of a pen, than a word. It was a pathetic revelation of a fast ebbing strength. When dying, he was little Jimmy Garfield again. Back in the home of his boyhood, with loved ones around him, and by the side of the mother, who so fondly loved him. The President died the day before his aged mother was eighty years old. When told that he was dead, "there was an agony that speech cannot express, or pen portray, a mother in Israel weeping for her son, who was not, and refused to be comforted. The boy who had been her hope and pride, the idol of her heart, was dead. With tearful eyes, she said: 'To-morrow I will be eighty years old, but I will not see the beginning of another year. James has gone, and I shall not be long after him'."

ANNE NEALE—CLEVELAND.

GROVER CLEVELAND,

Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth President of the
United States, 1885-'89—1893-'97.

Grover Cleveland was brought up in a Presbyterian parsonage. His mother, Anne Neale, was the mother of nine children. His father was not exactly poor, but was far from being rich. Doubtless, the table was always amply provided for, the wife and mother was thrifty, and a good housewife, and knew how to practice the conservation of food. The father's salary ranged from \$600 to \$1000 a year, never more, but \$600 in those days, meant far more, in purchasing power, than the same amount to-day. When Grover was sixteen years old, his father died, leaving a widow, with a large family to support. Grover at once had to begin to support himself. Mrs. Cleveland's children in that Presbyterian parsonage, had learned the value of money, and had studied the lesson of frugality. They spent no money which they had earned, in luxuries, but practiced close economy, and whatever from their slender income was not needed for their own support, was faithfully sent to the widowed mother in her country home. Wilson in his "Lives of the Presidents," states that from the time Grover Cleveland was admitted to the bar in 1859, he regularly contributed toward the support of his widowed mother, up to the time of her death which occurred in 1882. Grover had heard of the splendid opportunities open to young men in the great West, and confided to his

mother his desire to make the venture for himself. His mother could give him wholesome advice, which she did, but no money.

When Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President of the United States, he took the oath of office on a little pocket Bible given to him by his mother when he was a boy. "Many long years before," says Stoddard, "when an ambitious boy went out from his widowed mother's home, in the village of Holland, going to find a way in the thronged hard-working world, he carried with him a little book, not too large to put into his pocket. It had been his mother's, and it was stamped with her name. It was the Book; and now it was held in the hand of Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court, who was to administer the oath of office to that boy, now raised to the Chief Magistracy of a great nation." Who can tell what memories were evoked as the President pressed to his lips that little book, which he had evidently many times fondly handled, as the link binding him in his exalted position, to the lonely boy, leaving home for the first time, bearing away a mother's blessing, and her best gift—the Holy Bible. That mother had passed away years before when Mr. Cleveland was Mayor of Buffalo, just prior to his receiving the nomination for Governor of the State of New York. She died in the little home in Holland Patent, that had been presented to her, by her husband's friends, representing his last three pastorates. Doubtless a mental picture of that quiet little home, with its ever faithful mother, came to his mind, as he kissed the little book that had come to him from her hand,

accompanied with a mother's blessing, and obscured for the moment the distinguished men and women who were by his side, and the vast throng of admiring countrymen that were before him. And now for the third time, a President-elect, links the occasion of his inauguration with a devoted mother. The first instance, was that of Washington, when on his way to New York to be inaugurated, he turned aside to bid a last and affectionate farewell to his aged mother. The second, when President Garfield, after taking the oath of office, turned first to his mother and kissed her, and the third, when Grover Cleveland took the oath of office on a little pocket Bible given to him by his mother when a boy.

Grover Cleveland paid this tribute to his father. "Looking back over my life, nothing seems to me to have in it, more both of pathos and interest, than the spectacle of my father, a hard-working country clergyman, bringing up acceptably a family of nine children, educating each member, so that in after life, none suffered any deprivation in this respect, and that too, upon a salary which at no time exceeded \$1000 a year. It would be impossible to exaggerate the strength of character thus revealed." He recalled with pride the cheerfulness and resignation of the father and mother in the sacrifices they were called upon to make in behalf of their children, and of the devotion the members of the family had for one another.

ELIZABETH FINDLEY IRWIN—HARRISON.
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Twenty-third President of the United States, 1889-
1893.

Elizabeth Irwin, the mother of Benjamin Harrison, was the mistress of an ideal Christian home, as we shall soon see. When it became our delightful task to consider the character, of this gifted and sainted woman, in connection with her distinguished son, we thought of the President's widow, Mrs. Mary Lord Harrison, of Indianapolis, Indiana. But Mrs. Harrison informed us that the President's mother had died before she married General Harrison, and never knew her, but kindly referred to the President's sister, Mrs. Samuel V. Morris, of Oakland, California. In reply to our letter, Mrs. Morris sent the following letter descriptive of the home life of the Harrison family:

5515 Carlton St., Oakland, Cal.
Sept. 15, 1917.

Wm. J. HAMPTON, D. D.,

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 10th came about the time my sister, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, wrote to me regarding your wishes. I am sorry I cannot do full justice to the things which could be written of my sainted mother, but will gladly do what I can. I am now the only daughter living. I have a brother two years younger living in Kansas City. John and myself were small children in 1850.

when our dear mother died. I was nearly eight, and remember distinctly the sweet Christian character of our mother. Almost too young to fully realize what her leaving us would mean to her home and family. *This* has come to me more each year of my life since. We had a country home,—Point Farm, Hamilton Co., Ohio, twenty miles below Cincinnati. We were six miles below the city of Clews, where we attended the Presbyterian church, my father serving as one of the elders. We seldom missed of attending the morning services. We generally stopped for dinner, with Grandma Harrison, who lived at the Old North Bend home, up to the last seven years of her life, when she came to be a member of my father's family until her death in 1863.

"A very pleasant memory of my mother, was the evening gatherings in her room, each Sunday, to hear her read the Bible stories to the younger children. So it was, the *best* things of life came to us early thro' this devoted mother's teachings, and I now add, thro' our father's also, in the daily family prayers, and grace at the table, all having a wonderful influence, — I am sorry to say, greatly neglected in many homes nowadays. Our family was a large one, and several cousins were invited to share in the advantages of a most devoted christian Governess, a niece of Rev. Horace Bushnell, of Cincinnati. My brothers frequently brought some college friends home for the vacations, so I have beautiful memories of parents, brothers, and sisters,—a source of much pleasure in my declining years.

My oldest sister told me, of Ben's devotion to his mother, from a small boy, and that *never* left him. And as a little fellow, when strangers were about, Ben was always at his mother's side. It seems a rather strange coincidence, that our mother's birth, marriage, and death, should come the same month, and so near together, born Aug. 13th, married the 12th, and died on the 15th, 1850, aged only forty. Her death came only after a week's illness. We were most blessed in having two sisters, old enough to look after the family and home. My brothers were on their summer's vacation at this time. Ben was the thoughtful brother to look after Brother John only six years old, and myself. I will never forget his tenderness to us at that sad time. Some have said his was a *cold nature*. All I can say to this,—*they did not know him*. He told me once he felt the light of our home had gone out in our dear mother's death, but in after years, he came for change and rest, and seemed to enjoy going about the old farm, with gun and rod, as he had done in his boyhood days. I was his *little* sister, and when he was home on his vacations, we frequently spent hours together. Ben, with his head in my lap, reading or dreaming, while I stroked his hair, something he greatly enjoyed. Some children might have considered this a task, to *me*, it was a *great pleasure*. A college friend said to him one day, "Ben, you must have had a happy home; I, however, have no pleasant memories of my home." Needless to say, that same young man, spent his next summer's vacation with us.

When brother finished his law course and married,

he brought his bride, to our house, where he spent the winter, going to Indianapolis in the Spring, and to housekeeping in a *very modest* little house. My father sent them a fine cow, and each fall a generous supply of all the good things from the farm, which I was told Ben was as enthusiastic over as a child over its Christmas stocking. I am sending a picture of the old home of our mother. . . . If I can assist you in any way, let me know.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. SAMUEL V. MORRIS.

In some respects it has seemed almost too sacred to turn this letter over to the eyes of the public. With such a delicate touch, this sister has lifted the veil in that Harrison home, where she and Brother Ben were chums. What a delightful picture this sister has drawn of that inner circle, and what a hallowed Christian atmosphere pervaded that home. No one has ever doubted that the father and mother of Benjamin Harrison were Christians. They were stout defenders of that sacred institution, the Holy Sabbath. They regularly attended divine service. The father was an honored Elder in the Presbyterian church, always asked the blessing at the table, and conducted with regularity the family altar. On Sunday evening, the mother, in that country home, would gather her little family about her, and read such Bible stories as would interest the children. These things made a deep impression on the mind of this little sister, for she was only eight years old when her mother was translated. Out of such a home came Benjamin Harrison, one of the Presi-

dents of the United States. It was a home quite the ideal. What a delicate touch from the sister's pen when she tells of the grief that came to the home, when this good mother was taken away, and the tender devotion of the oldest brother, Ben, as he tried to make up for the loss sustained in the home, thro' the mother's death. And yet, writes this sister, "Some have called his a cold nature." No wonder she adds: "*they did not know him.*"

The reflections of Mrs. Morris have called to our remembrance the beautiful poem of Elizabeth Akers Allen. As she has drawn aside the curtains of that delightful home of the Harrisons, and has eloquently told us about the golden memories of childhood days, so does Elizabeth Akers Allen in her beautiful poem. No more fitting place could be found in this volume, than to add here, a few of those sweet verses:

"Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears;—
Toil without recompence,—tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to weep.
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between,

Yet with strong yearning, and passionate pain—
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence, so long and so deep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old,
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happy will throng the sweet visions of yore.
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.”

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,
Since I last listened to your lullaby song,
Sing, then, and unto my heart it shall seem,
Womanhood’s years have been only a dream,
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes, just sweeping my face,
Never, hereafter, to wake or to weep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.”

NANCY ALLISON—McKINLEY.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY,

25th President of the United States, 1897-1901.

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, was country-born, and it is a remarkable historical fact, that not a single President from Washington to McKinley was city-born. His parents, William McKinley, Sr., and Nancy Allison, were members of the Methodist Episcopal church. They came from a family having strong religious convictions. Nancy Allison was of good old Scotch Covenanter stock. The Allisons suffered imprisonment in the Lowlands of Scotland for conscience sake, and came to America in search of religious freedom. McKinley's parents regularly attended church, the mid-week prayer meeting, and the children were always at their place in Sunday School. Former President William Howard Taft has said, that McKinley's "father was an active-minded, high-principled member of the community, not highly educated, but familiar with the Bible, Shakespeare and Dante. His mother had the elements of leadership. She, with her sister, ran the church, and did everything to widen its influence, and control." William McKinley resembled his mother in face, manner, and mental peculiarities, and his religious inspirations were derived largely from her. He never forgot the prayers he learned at his mother's knee. His religious convictions were so strong, that the family thought he would enter the ministry. His mother said, "William is a good boy. Some day he may become a Bishop. He is always clever at talk-

ing." Indeed, had he chosen the ministry, those same fine qualities of leadership, which placed him in the front rank of statesmen, would no doubt have given him a place among the chief pastors of the church. Prof. Campbell, Principal of the Public Schools of Niles, Ohio, in an address delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the McKinley memorial, said that McKinley joined the church when about ten years of age, without any solicitation whatever from any one.

Nancy Allison McKinley was the mother of nine children, four boys and five girls, and there was no black sheep among them. Her home is thus described by the Hon. John Hay, a devoted friend of the family. "He (William McKinley) was born into that way of life, which is elsewhere called the middle class, but which in this country is so nearly universal as to make of other classes an almost negligible quantity. He was neither rich nor poor, neither proud nor humble; his parents were sober, God-fearing people, intelligent and upright, and without pretensions. He grew up in the company of boys like himself, wholesome, honest, self-respecting. They looked down on nobody; they even felt it impossible that they could be looked down upon. Their homes were homes of probity, piety, and patriotism."

William McKinley, Sr., the President's father, was absent from home, much of the time, on account of business, generally returning to spend the week-end with the family. The training and education of the children, devolved almost wholly upon the mother. She was a woman of strong, rugged, positive character. Her old neighbors at Niles say of her, that she

was known as a peacemaker, always doing some kind, good act, ministering to the sick, helping the poor and needy, and doing other Christian work. "It was a humble home," to quote again from Prof. W. C. Campbell, "presided over by an heroic mother, who managed by hard work, economy and good sense, to make the slender income of the father meet the necessities of a large family. A home no doubt, in which each child, had his own duties to perform, and it may be surmised, that the house-hold tasks, tho' vigorously insisted upon, were never thought too irksome, for the children without exception, loved their mother devotedly." Out of that sort of home, came the young man, who when admitted to the bar, promised his mother, that he would never take a case, when he was convinced in his own mind that the would-be client was guilty; and he never did. His ancestors had fought in every war from the Revolution down, hence it was but natural, that he should respond, should his country need his services. Accordingly, when but eighteen years of age, he enlisted as a private soldier, in response to President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. For fourteen months he carried his gun as an ordinary soldier in the ranks. His military record was most gallant. He was frequently sent on most perilous errands. His commanding officer, General Hayes, stated that once when he left his side, to perform a perilous task, he never expected to see him alive on earth again. He participated in some thirty engagements, and was mustered out of service when less than twenty-two, with the rank of Major. This was the title he loved most of all,

used by his wife in speaking of him, and also by his mother, when she did not call him by his first name; and the title which clung to him throughout his life. It was the one title, McKinley declared, he had earned. Between himself and General Hayes, both destined to become future Presidents, there sprang up a warm attachment, that lasted thru all of life. Undoubtedly Maj. McKinley would have risen to a higher rank in the Army, had he remained there, but in deference to his mother's wishes, he gave up the life of a soldier, and began the study of the law. This decision, no doubt, changed the entire future course of his life, as it did that of Washington, when he gave up a seafaring life at the request of his mother.

No one could possibly be more devoted to his mother than William McKinley was to his. He has left behind, so far as we know, no published tribute,—but the world really needs none, for it is a matter of public knowledge. His life spoke volumes. This was, no doubt, the thought in the mind of his sister, Miss Helen McKinley, when among other things she wrote the author as follows:

“William McKinley’s kindly heart, went out in such love, and so much deep affection for his saintly mother, that incidents are unessential in proof of his attention to, and adoration for her.”

Nancy Allison McKinley was one of the best of mothers. Kind and loving, but firm on occasion, she brought up her son to be a sober, upright, God-fearing Christian man. To his pastor, Dr. C. E. Manchester, he frequently said, “My mother is a

great woman," and then would quote the exact words of Mr. Lincoln, "All that I am I owe to my mother." He never grew away from her. When at his own home he visited her daily, and when absent, either wrote to her, or sent her a telegram. This he continued to do, during his politically active life,—when Governor of Ohio, when representing his State in Congress, at Washington, are well as when President of the United States. This man cherished his mother with a devotion that was indeed sacred. One of the most familiar sights in his home city, was that of seeing Mr. McKinley escorting his mother to church, or walking down the aisle of the church, to the communion altar. This devotion has been compared to that exhibited by Washington toward his mother. Both mothers had much to do with the development of those sterling traits of character and honesty of purpose, that both exhibited. Every child is familiar with the story of the cherry tree attributed to Washington when a boy. When McKinley took the oath of office, as President of the United States, the fond old mother was a proud observer, and as she saw the thousands of his fellow-country men, congratulating and applauding him, she said simply, "William has always been a good boy. I could always depend on him. He never gave me a cross word, and I do not believe he ever told me a lie. I am glad that he is President for his sake." This tribute has never been charged up to the account of fables and myths. His word was as good as his bond. That word once pledged was as dear to him as his life, and in these high moral qualities we see the influence of that

Scotch Covenanter blood that flowed thru the veins of his mother.

At the Republican National Convention of 1888, that nominated Benjamin Harrison for President, William McKinley went pledged to vote for John Sherman. Some of the delegates shouted for McKinley, and some voted for him, but he gave the delegates to understand, in a stirring speech, that he stood pledged to vote for John Sherman, and would not permit his name to come before the Convention. His loyalty to his friend made him stronger than ever. In 1892, he headed the Ohio delegation which went pledged for Harrison. The Ohio delegates cast their votes for McKinley. He at once challenged their vote. He insisted that it be changed for Harrison. Altho' Chairman of the Convention, he seemed powerless to act. The delegates broke out into loud cheering, and the name of McKinley was heard on every side. He was plainly touched, but would not consent to be a candidate. His pledged word to his friend, meant more to him, than to be nominated to the high office of President of the United States. In the end, President Harrison was re-nominated. This sacrifice and loyalty to his pledged word, made him still stronger, and more popular, and he was soon to receive his reward. The Republican National Convention, which was held at St. Louis, June 16-18, 1896, nominated William McKinley on the first ballot. He received three times as many votes as all the other candidates combined, and at the November election, was elected President of the United States. He lost nothing by standing by his pledged word. He was rather the

gainer. We believe that William McKinley would rather have sacrificed his opportunity to become President of the United States, than to have played false to his pledged word.

William McKinley was one of the best loved Presidents this nation has ever had. He made friends easily, and possessed the rare art of making friends of those whom he was compelled to disappoint. Sincerely did he believe in a divine Providence. One day as he sat in the White House, in the presence of certain distinguished gentlemen, he tapped the desk with his hand, and gave expression to this significant statement, "No person will ever sit in this chair as President of the United States who denies the existence of God." What did he mean? Simply this, that God would not permit such a person to become President of the United States, who denied the existence of God, and furthermore the people of this great nation would never consent to the election of such a person. Strange that such a noble soul should be the mark of an assassin! His life was shot thru with righteousness, and in his death he waved the palm of a victor. John Hay, his Secretary of State, in his eloquent funeral oration, said, "McKinley showed us how a citizen and patriot should live, and how a Christian and gentleman should die." No man in history has been so sincerely and universally mourned,—this the universal verdict of the historian. At his funeral, Bishop E. G. Andrews said, "It is a beautiful thing, that to the end of his life he bent reverently before that mother whose example and teaching and prayer, had so fashioned his mind and all his aims. The school

came briefly, and then came to him the church, with its ministration and power. He accepted the truth which it taught. He believed in God, and in Jesus Christ, thru whom God was revealed. He accepted the divine law of the Scriptures, he based his hope in Jesus Christ, the appointed and only Redeemer of men. Such influences gave to us William McKinley. And what was he? A man of incorruptible personal and political integrity. I suppose no one ever attempted to approach him with a bribe. A man of immaculate purity. No stain was upon his escutcheon, no syllable of suspicion that I ever heard was whispered against his character."

Sixteen years after his death, Oct. 5, 1917, there was dedicated at Niles, Ohio, a beautiful McKinley Memorial. It is erected practically on the spot where he was born, and within a stone's throw of the little white school-house he attended as a boy. Dr. C. E. Manchester, McKinley's pastor during his terms of office as President, and who officiated at the funeral of Mother McKinley, said: "Sixteen years after McKinley had finished his earthly course, we gather here at the place of his birth, and reflect that no after death discoveries have cast a shadow upon the white light that played upon him then." How fitting that this statement be placed alongside the tribute paid to William McKinley by Bishop Andrews.

The statue of William McKinley, which stands at the entrance to the McKinley Memorial, was unveiled by Miss Helen McKinley, the President's sister. As the band softly played the President's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," Miss McKinley "with emotional tenderness and justifiable pride,

drew the cord which in turn revealed to the thousands present the immortal likeness of one of the nation's greatest statesmen, her brother, William McKinley." Almost akin to a benediction come the words of Bishop Fowler, "A son, loving and thoughtful, and obedient, he secured the blessings of a happy mother, and the blessings of Almighty God. History will never forget the name of Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi; nor of Aurelia, mother of Caesar; nor of Atia, mother of Augustus; nor of Mary, mother of Washington; nor of Nancy Hanks, mother of Lincoln; nor of Nancy, mother of McKinley."

MARTHA BULLOCK—ROOSEVELT.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

Twenty-sixth President of the United States, 1901-
1909.

Theodore Roosevelt was born to a life of ease and luxury. If ever one was born with a gold spoon in his mouth, it was he. Reared in an elegant home, and the graduate of a famous University—in fact the first President to be graduated from Harvard, since John Quincy Adams. In his note-book, the family physician wrote: "Theodore Roosevelt, a bright, precocious boy, aged twelve, he ought to make his mark, but for the fact that he has a rich father." Yet this man thro' choice, has become one of the most prodigious workers America has produced, and has long been a preacher of the strenuous life, and the foremost advocate of the Big Stick. He was the first city-born boy to reach the Presidency, all his predecessors having been village or country born. Mr. Roosevelt is a bundle of energy. He is the Republic's finest type of an efficient American citizen. In his early childhood of delicate frame, he has transformed that frame into a sinewy, athletic type, capable of enduring the most terrific strain. Julian Ralph once asked him, "What did you expect to be, or dream of being when you were a boy?" Mr. Roosevelt answered, "I do not recollect that I dreamed at all, or planned at all. I simply obeyed the injunction, 'whatever thy hand findeth to do, do that with all thy might,' and so I took up whatever came along, as it came, since then I have gone on Lincoln's motto, 'Do the best—if not the best possible.' "

The President's mother, Martha Bullock, was a Southerner, and her sympathies always inclined toward the South. Her brother was Captain James Bullock; he was at the head of the Secessionist Navy during the Rebellion, and fitted out the Alabama, and the Shenandoah from England. But the North has never had a more stalwart defender than Theodore Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt is still living, exercising a potent influence for good in American channels. In his Autobiography, published in 1913, he paints this word picture of his mother. "My mother, Martha Bullock, was a sweet, gracious, beautiful Southern woman, a delightful companion, and beloved by everybody. She was entirely unreconstructed to the day of her death. Her mother, my grandmother, one of the dearest old ladies, lived with us, and was distinctly over-indulgent to us children, being quite unable to harden her heart toward us, even when occasion demanded it. Toward the close of the Civil War, altho' a very small boy, I grew to have a partial but alert understanding of the fact that the family were not one in their views about the conflict, my father being a strong Lincoln Republican; and once when I felt that I had been wronged by maternal discipline during the day, I attempted a practical vengeance by praying with loud fervor for the success of the Union arms, when we all came to say our prayers before my mother in the evening. She was not only a most devoted mother; but was also blessed with a strong sense of humor, and she was too much amused to punish me. But I was warned not to repeat the offense, under the penalty

of my father being informed,—he being the dispenser of serious punishment."

The father of Theodore Roosevelt, according to the President's Autobiography, had family prayers every morning, and every morning the three children would sit with their father on the sofa, while he conducted worship, two on one side, and one on the other. The coveted place was the "cubby hole," which was the space between the father and the arm of the sofa.

This was the ex-President who was asked by the New York Bible Society, to write a message that might be printed in the special copies of New Testaments designed for soldiers and sailors. Coming from such a home, that was consecrated with prayer and Bible study, we are not surprised that this distinguished man should have forwarded the following:— “The teachings of the New Testament are foreshadowed in Micah’s verse, ‘what more doth the Lord require of thee, than to do justice and to love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?’”

Do justice; and therefore fight valiantly against the armies of Germany and Turkey, for these nations in this crisis stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub on this earth.

Love mercy; treat prisoners well; succor the wounded: treat every woman as if she were your sister; care for little children, and be tender with the old and helpless.

Walk humbly; you will do so, if you study the life and teachings of the Saviour.

May the God of justice and mercy have you in his keeping. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In the great world war now in progress, Mr. Roosevelt has four sons fighting under the Stars and Stripes. He is making the supreme sacrifice. The Southern patriotism of the Bullocks, and the Northern patriotism of the Roosevelts, have combined in producing a gallant soldier and officer of the Spanish American war, a statesman of a high order, and President of the United States, one who has been an ardent exponent of the principles of pure Americanism.

LOUISE M. TORREY—TAFT.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT,

Twenty-seventh President of the United States,
1909-1913.

A biographer of Wm. Howard Taft writes, "Like father—like son." It would be difficult to conceive how it could be more strikingly true than in the case of Mr. Taft, and his father, Alphonso Taft. The father earned the money to meet his college expenses by teaching school. This same persistency of the father to thus fight his way thro' school, in the face of difficulties, we see exhibited in the almost bulldog persistency of the son, in all his years of noble service. Whatever he began he finished. Alphonso Taft became a distinguished lawyer, so did the son. He became a prominent Judge, so did the son. He became a member of General Grant's cabinet, serving as Secretary of War, and later as Attorney General, the son served in the Cabinet of Theodore Roosevelt. The father later served his country as Minister to Austria and Russia, and the distinguished son served as Governor of the Philippines, and later was exalted to the high office of President of the United States.

But while Wm. Howard Taft has reproduced many of the high qualities of his father he is also greatly indebted to the mother. In a brief note to the author, Mr. Taft states that it is his purpose to write a book of Reminiscences in which he proposes to describe the character of his mother. His mother, Louise M. Torrey, was of Puritan stock, but with broad views of life, and lofty ideals. There

was a decided absence of narrow mindedness, such as characterized the earlier Puritan stock. Her views were broad and liberal. Wm. Howard Taft inherited the broad, liberal views of his mother. President Hayes was affected by the strict Puritan notions of his mother, and these notions had much to do in his thinking throughout his entire life. In like manner, Mr. Taft has been influenced by the more liberal views of his mother. Owing to her dignity, quiet self-respect, and independence of character, Mr. Taft's mother was always an element to be reckoned with in any community wherever her lot was cast. She lived to be eighty years old. Throughout her long life, she had always been interested in the welfare and success of her son. His success in public life, was especially a source of joy and delight. He visited his mother as frequently as possible, and never neglected her thro' failure to correspond with her, and their correspondence was always of a confidential nature. Frequently they spoke together of the onerous tasks that fell to him to perform. She was particularly interested in his work in the Philippines, and approved of his entire course of action, in dealing with them, and never doubted his ability to win over the suspicious inhabitants of the far distant islands.

The time had arrived for the Filipinos to open their first Assembly. Mr. Taft had promised this people that he would go to Manilla, and make the formal opening. He was the man who had given it to them, and now their ideals were to be realized. But as the time approached, his mother's health began rapidly to fail, he feared, should he go, she

would not survive his return. He wanted to postpone his journey, believing he could explain satisfactorily his absence to the Filipinos, but his mother would not consent. She told him, his first duty now, was to the people whom he had befriended, and not to her. Her desire to have him go, we are told, had almost the force of a command. He reluctantly obeyed. Mr. Taft was becoming more and more the popular candidate for President, by the Republican party. During his absence abroad a lull might occur in regard to his popularity as a candidate. Some have thought that this was the reason his mother was so insistent on his making the journey to the Philippines at once, and not postpone it, because should he go later, it would bring his absence from the country, nearer the time of the gathering of the leaders of the Republican Party, when a nomination for President would be made, and his interests accordingly jeopardized, and that therefore she was influenced wholly by selfish reasons in being desirous of having him go at once. We have inclined to the view, however, that while his mother was greatly interested in the ever-increasing interest that the American people had taken in the candidacy of her son for President, it evidently seemed to her that his promise to the Filipinos should come first, even tho' his absence from the country might flag the interest of the people. Mr. Taft made the journey as quickly as possible, but his mother passed away while he was enroute from Hamburg to New York. Mr. Taft's farewell to his mother, was similar to that of George Washington, when he turned aside to bid his mother a last fare-

well, while on his way to be inaugurated President of the United States, and felt that he would see her face no more. Both left their mother's presence, going forth to perform the high and important duties that had been imposed upon them by the State. It was to be a last and sad farewell.

JANET WOODROW—WILSON.

WOODROW WILSON,

Twenty-eighth President of the United States, 1913
and Serving Second Term in Office.

Woodrow Wilson, as an educator, was a star of the first magnitude, in the scholastic world. He reflected credit, not only upon himself, but also upon the various institutions he served, in the capacity of Professor, and University President. Would this man of academic training, "a son of clergymen and editors" make a good public official? There were many, who said that this man, who had had no practical experience in politics, would be too theoretical. But everybody today knows that he made one of the best Governors New Jersey has ever had, and also one of our greatest Presidents. Easily, the historian will place him alongside Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln.

Woodrow Wilson, altho' he made his debut suddenly into the political arena, is no political prodigy. His many years of training have prepared him to handle with rare skill, and in a practical way the problems of statesmanship. Mr. Wilson, himself, has said: "How did I happen to enter political life? Why I suppose I was born a political animal. Always from the first recollections of my youth up, I have aimed at political life. The reason why I studied law was, I suppose, because in the South, when I was a boy, the law furnished the shortest path to political life. I gave it up, because I found, I could not be an honest lawyer, and politician,—at

least, I didn't know how then to do it.....I took a new start, went back to school, where I tried to learn something about the facts of government. From the start, my interest has been in things as they are, rather than in a theoretical knowledge of them.....I was always a practical politician."

So instead of being a mere theorist, in the political world, according to his own words, he has always been a practical politician. This accounts for the astuteness and diplomacy with which he has handled some of the most delicate problems, that it has ever been the lot of a President of this Republic to solve. He has proved himself to be a Past Master in the art of Statesmanship. In passing from Andrew Johnson to Woodrow Wilson, we study two absolute extremes. Johnson's mind was wholly untrained by the schools, never attending a public school a day in his life. Wilson's mind, on the other hand, was trained by the Masters of our great Universities. This mental training has stood him well in hand, in these days of tremendous crises, which have confronted him, with ever increasing frequency. When praised, he has never lost his head, when maligned, exhibiting at all times, an unruffled spirit.

Woodrow Wilson's father, Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, D. D., was a prominent Presbyterian clergyman of the South. His father was popular as a pastor, but more distinguished as a theological Professor, in fact it would seem as tho' he was one of the most prominent leaders of the Presbyterian Church, South. The President's mother's name was Janet Woodrow. She came from a Presbyterian par-

sonage, Rev. Thomas Woodrow, D. D., a Presbyterian minister occupying many prominent pulpits of the South. In such a cultured home, in 1856, Woodrow Wilson was born.

Among educated people of the South, the custom obtained of having someone read aloud in the evening, after the day's work was done, and the family had come together. Sometimes the father would read, and sometimes the mother. The atmosphere of the University was continually in that home, and when we combine a finely trained mind, with hearts devout toward God, we have a result bordering on the ideal. From such a home came President Wilson, inheriting from both father and mother, rare intellectual gifts, and trained by devout parents, to a firm belief in the doctrines of our holy religion. The President's mother died in 1888.

This heavily burdened President, with a world war on his hands, with delicate diplomatic problems constantly to solve, as commander-in-chief of our national forces, at the head of an Army and Navy of a million men, trying to untangle difficulties affecting questions of food, and fuel, and munitions, and with a hundred million people looking to him as their national leader, this burdened man drops momentarily all these burdens, draws aside the curtains of the past, and with the touch of an artist, presents to us a lovely pen picture of the sainted mother who went to heaven years before national honors came to her distinguished son.

U. S. S. MAYFLOWER

15 September, 1917.

THE WHITE HOUSE, Washington

Rev. William J. Hampton, D. D.,

Butler, N. J.

My dear Sir:—

I am sure that you will not have misunderstood my long delay in replying to your letter of the twenty-third of July last. It has been due to an extraordinary pressure of public business not only, but also to a feeling that I really did not know how to write an adequate answer. It is very hard for me to speak of what my mother was without colouring the whole estimate with the deep love that fills my heart whenever I think of her; but while others cannot have seen her as I did, I am sure that everyone who knew her at all, must have felt also the charm of her unusual grace and refinement, and have been aware of the clear-eyed, perceiving mind that lay behind her frank grey eyes. They were not always grey. They were of that strange, changeable colour, which so often goes with strong character and varied ability. She was one of the most remarkable persons I have ever known. She was so reserved, that only those of her own household can have known how lovable she was, tho' every friend knew how loyal and steadfast she was. I seem to feel still, the touch of her hand, and the sweet steady influence of her wonderful character. I thank God to have had such a mother!

Very sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

President Wilson has been accused of having a nature rather cold, and the same has been said of President Harrison; but who can truthfully say this after reading this beautiful tribute he has paid his mother? History will place this tribute alongside that of John Quincy Adams and James Buchanan. He has also been accused of being ungenerous toward those who have befriended him in a political way. May it not be true, that certain ones who thus befriended him, did so because they had an axe to grind, and President Wilson's well-trained mind, discovered that the kind of government they favored was not that kind which was shot thro' with righteousness? In his superb strength, he rises above his critics, leaves them to themselves, and looms before us, a colossal world figure, in strength and true greatness.

Some of his messages to the people will live forever. His address delivered personally at the joint session of Congress, April 2, 1917, contains statements that have already become famous. Pulpit and press have stamped his words, "The world must be made safe for democracy" indelibly, not simply upon the hearts of the American people, but upon the hearts of all liberty loving people the world over. Along with Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address, will go this remarkable message. From it, we quote in closing this section:

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are, and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is

privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness, and the peace which she has treasured. God help her, she can do no other!"

The study of "Our Presidents and Their Mothers" has led us to see the tremendous influence mothers have had in preparing sons for the Presidential chair. These Mothers were women of high moral character, of Christian graces, and richly endowed intellectually. We are not sure whether any mother was a college graduate, it is safe to say, none were, with the possibility of recent rare exceptions. Educational advantages for the young woman were unknown in the early history of our country. The Puritans of New England for a century and a half did not permit girls to attend school, except at such seasons of the year when the schoolroom would not be needed by the boys. To-day everything has changed. Schools, colleges and universities are all open for women to enjoy the advantages of a liberal education on the same basis as the men. Seventy years ago about the only avenues of employment, open to young women, were dress-making, and school-teaching. To-day women are welcomed in all the marts of trade, and in practically all the professions. The right to vote is being granted to the women of our country so rapidly, that to mention the number of states granting equal franchise would endanger our being behind the times, by the time the printed page reached the eye of the reader. If these mothers had lived in this day, styled by some the day of the "New woman", would so many have been

passed by in silence? We cannot believe it true. The woman of to-morrow, historically will have her place alongside that of man. Her voice will be heard, not simply in the domestic circle, but in the affairs of state, in the great world reforms, in the world of politics, in public office, and in legislative assemblies. She will not shine with a reflected glory, but with a glory all her own.

It is honor almost sufficient to be the mother of a son who became President of the United States. Such a mother might be willing to shine ever with a reflected glory. We are told that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." That will not be less true to-morrow because of changed conditions as affecting woman, but if possible more true. How true it seems when we apply it to those who cradled and trained those who became the Rulers of our Republic! It has been a noble line of Mothers, from Mary Ball, mother of George Washington, to Janet Woodrow, mother of Woodrow Wilson. Napoleon one time said, "What France needs is mothers." But mothers have been the glory and pride of our fair land, and none have been more worthy the praise of men, than the Mothers of our Presidents. Mothers —who were great because good, and good because God-like!



